Prince of Corea

Comes to America Wearing a Coat of Mail for Fear of Assassins.

The Royal Refugee to the U. S. from an Oriental Vendetta.

PRINCE EUI WHA KOON, second heir to the throne of Corea, is touring America ostensibly for his own pleasure and information. But the woman-faced young prince from the land of the morning calm wears a shirt of mail beneath his nineteenth century haberdashery, and when he walks abroad men sworn to die in his service walk before and behind. He is a gentle, cultured youth, fond of afternoon teas and appreciative of the attentions of the society of this Western land, but he is linked to a history so bloody that you have to go back to the Middle Ages to find a parallel. Murder, intrigue, poisoning, strangling, kidnapping—all these are more naturally the environment of the pensive young Oriental than the small conversation of Washington afternoons. The headsman's axe and the cord of the garroter are more nearly allied to his world than the bicycle he rides around the Washington parks or the cigarette he puffs so mildly.

The story of the being of the Prince who may be king is dark with blood and confused with devious plotting.

IT isn't that Prince Ein Wha Koon is himself a violent person; he is the gentlest young man that ever exchanged condescending commonplaces with a Senator's pretty daughter in the corner of a drawing room. He is mild enough, but he stands for bloodshed.

The very fact that he is alive is due to a record of crime beyond all belief. He is the result of the murder of a Queen, the capture of a King, the slaughter of his mother, the King's favorite; the shaking of a dynasty, and the death, imprisonment or banishment of a thousand people of less degree—nobles, generals and statesmen.

Prince Eiu Wha Koon is the guest of Mr. Soh, who until last November was Korean Minister to this capital, and who in his native country is a Dagum, or officer of high degree, at his beautiful home in Mr. Pleasant, D. C.

The Prince is not quite twenty years of age. His education has been carefully attended to by private tutors, under the direction of his father, and in his country is considered quite broad and thorough. He has also devoted himself to physical development, and has become proficient in all outdoor sports, particularly as a horseman, oarsman and master of the foil and gun. He has also conquered that treacherous machine, the bicycle.

He dresses in the height of fashion. One of his favorite suits is a dark brown cutaway sack coat, a light vest, standing collar and puff tie, light trousers, white shoes, brown derby or check golf cap and cane. He is fond of cigarettes and smokes incessantly.

That is the outward Prince who drops his title and adopts the manners and customs of the people among whom he tarries for a little while, while his destiny is being worked out for him in the dark plots of the Hermit Kingdom away over the sea.

One man stands between him and the succession to his father's crown. This man, the Crown Prince, fears him, and the party of the Crown Prince which slew Prince Em's mother sees in her son the greatest menace of her plans. That is why the secret service men of the United States Government and the detective force of every city in which he visits, are instructed to look out for his safety.

Two men follow the young Prince, who are not of his party. Their mission is to murder him when and where they can. They have been identified by his body guard in San Francisco and other cities. They have made no declarations, no threats; have committed no overt acts, so they cannot be interfered with.

If they followed him so in Seoul now they might be cleanly and privately put to death, but here as long as they obey the law and pay their bills they are safe in their waiting. Our police courts cannot take cognizance of the intrigues of the strange court on the other side of the earth.

These men are patient. They pass as Japanese, and they wait and follow. One of them is a round-faced, stocky man, with a benignant face. He is a scholar and a soldier, and was a fellow conspirator of poor Kein-O-Kyun, who was lured to Shanghai and murdered in accordance with the plans of the party of the King's favorite when war broke out between Japan and China. The other patient man was once a Cabinet Minister of the Corean court. He is of the party of the Crown Prince, the non-progressive party of Corea, and his court intrigues brought him disgrace and loss of fortune, for the King is fond of his left-handed son, and though he never punished the murderers of his beautiful favorite, Prince Eiu's mother, he wants to save the boy from a similar fate.

It was the King's partiality for the boy that stirred up all the passion, cupidity and lust for power that makes the Corean court such a place of intrigue and mystery.

In 1893 the King began to pay some attention to the boy, whose very existence he had ignored up to that time. He had him legitimized and formally proclaimed him second heir to the throne. His favor did not stop there. The next year he sent him as his personal representative to thank the Emperor of Japan for having saved Corea from the Chinese.

So signal a mark of royal favor filled the party of the Crown Prince with apprehension. The Crown Prince himself was a weak, vacillating sort of young fellow, opposed to progress and a tool of the Chinese. But his mother was the wisest, deepest, fiercest woman in Corea, and her love for her son was fanatical. She saw the danger of the rise in prominence of the son of the King's favorite. She saw he menaced her son, for nobody realized better than Queen Min of Corea that the progressive, Pro-Japanese, modern young man outmatched her backward boy. She knew the whirling character of Corean politics, but, womanlike, she attributed the rise of Prince Eiu Wha Koon to a woman. Maybe jealousy had something to do with it. At any rate she had the young Prince's beautiful mother killed. Next she caused the death of his sister and brother. Though she dominated poor, slow, stupid old King Li, she could not touch the Prince, who was safe on his Japanese diplomatic mission.

The queen's principal opponent in the game of Corean politics was the king's father, a hardy, clever old villain, by name, Tai-Wai-Kun, but she ever managed to turn Tai-Wai-Kun against the young prince, and she presently had him shorn of his honors and offices, and she tried to get the king to give her the life of this son of his. It was a precarious time for the youngster, who, in fancy American Summer clothes, is now disporting himself in Washington and, had the queen lived much longer, there is no question but that he would have been decently done to death before a great while. But it so happened that Prince Eiu Wha Koon was only an incident in the plots of his grandfather, bloody old Tai-Kai-Kun, against the queen.

The grandfather headed a riot in Seoul. The mob stormed the castle and brutally murdered Queen Min, and Tai-Won-Kun took possession of the government and King Li.

That undoubtedly saved the young prince's life. Although Tai-Won-Kun was his enemy, he did not have him killed at once.

Eiu Wha Koon was scared, and made preparations to get out of the country in disguise, but his grandfather headed this plan off with an offer of protection and a sort of roving commission to Europe and the United States. Eiu Wha Koon accepted this, and it is in pursuance of this arrangement that he is with us now. The Crown Prince's party would give anything but the possession of the throne to have him dead, because he is the hope of the progressive party and a certain candidate for the crown and sceptre when the present doddering King of this Land of the Morning Calm is poisoned or suffers the accident of a natural death.

Hence the mission of the wild little Prince in the New World, and the purpose of the two patient men who follow after and on whose account he wears a shirt of mail under his dude clothes. He is not afraid of being shot, the Coreans do not care for the noisy weapons of the foreign devils, and his garment of woven steel wire will turn the point of any knife.

The Prince is the guest of the Corean Embassy at Washington. The Coreans at the Legation, knowing they are not proof against assassination or recall, are properly cautious not to unload upon strangers any criticisms of the parties at home. For this reason, though Prince Eiu denies having any fear of his enemies, and scoffs at the idea of wearing a coat of mail to protect him against bullets and knife thrusts, it is probable that he has taken ample precautions against being violently cut off from possible succession to the Corean throne.

Prince Eiu intends to visit and study life in New York, though that may not be in the immediate future. His plans are immature, though he may take a course in one of the larger universities. There is this, however, that is certain he does not desire to return to Corea until peace has been well established among the warring political factions.

King Li, who, since the trouble between China and Japan has been under the protection of the powers, or in other words, who has been visiting among the Embassies and Legations of Seoul, has resumed possession of his palace, apparently in perfect safety. But that safety has not been assured Prince Eiu, on which account comes the insinuation that his sojourn in the United States is not altogether a matter of choice.

"One man stands between him and the succession to his father's crown. This man the Crown Prince fears, and the party of the Crown Prince which slew Prince Eiu's mother sees in her son the greatest menace of her plans. That is why the Secret Service men of the United States Government are instructed to look out for his safety. Two men follow the young Prince, who are not of his party. Their mission is to murded him when and where they can."

Plura[illegible]

Wome[illegible] It [illegible] Say It Is a [illegible] to the Fa[illegible]

THE women of Utah are still strongly in favor of p[illegible] ringe, as they call it. So are the men, and cons[illegible] prevails in Utah, in spite of the law which forbi[illegible] long struggle between the United States Governme[illegible] community.

These facts were ascertained by the Journal's special woman correspond[illegible] who made a journey to Salt Lake City to talk with the Mormon women.

The views of these women on the subject of polygamy are highly interesting and very plausible.

THE women of Utah are mourning, and will not be comforted.

Times are good in Utah. There has been no "panic" among the Mormons. There are very few jails there, and there isn't a pauper in the Church. Saloons do not flourish in Utah, and the Mormon farmers seem to have solved the problem of how to farm without a mortgage.

The Mormon women vote, they run for office and they make very successful politicians. But they are not content. They are mourning for a return to the days of polygamy, so the leaders in the Church say.

I have met some of the best Mormon women in Salt Lake City.

The "best" Mormon women are a great deal like the "best" Gentile women. They are pretty, well mannered and well dressed. Most of them seem to have plenty of money for all ordinary needs. They live in neat, pretty houses, which look decidedly like homes.

They go to church and to Sunday-school, Mormon church and Mormon Sunday-school, of course, and they read, and sing, and play the piano, and give dinner parties, and act very much like the best women in a small city anywhere in the United States.

It is a little startling to hear them talk about polygamy. They don't call it polygamy. They call it plural marriage, and they say that it is not only a religious duty, but a very practical and useful privilege.

The first woman who told me about plural marriage, and why she and the other Mormon women wished the United States had not interfered with it, was a motherly soul, with hair like pure silver; kind, twinkling blue eyes, and a voice that sounded as if it had sung so many cradle songs that it couldn't help crooning forever after.

"I came out here in '49," she said—"came across the plains in an emigrant wagon. My first child had a clothes basket for a cradle, and she went to sleep to the wind blowing in the prairie grass. My husband had ten wives. He's dead now, and there are only five of us left to mourn him. I was very happy with my husband! All of us were happy with him. He was a good husband. I guess he was happy with us, too, though I can't say as I envy a man with ten women to please. That's the mistake you Gentiles make! You always say, 'Oh, it's all very well for the man!' Now, I tell you, it isn't always so very well for a man. It takes a pretty good man to live in plural marriage, and live happy."

The woman's blue eyes twinkled with a sort of retrospective mischief.

"Well, well," she said, "that isn't all of it—the happiness. We Mormons don't look on marriage as a mere selfish right. We look upon it as a religious duty. You know, we believe that the woman who rears the most children has the highest place in Heaven.

"The same way with a man. A man rules over all his descendants when he dies. The more descendants he has the greater is his kingdom. We believe that we were put upon this earth to marry, and that we are rebelling against the laws of Heaven if we do not marry.

"Then, putting aside all reasons and all explanations, the Lord revealed His will to His prophet, Joseph Smith, and it is not for us to question that will. If it made us miserable, if it bound us down to all the tortures of earth to obey, still we must obey.

"Our people are prosperous, but not so prosperous as they would be if all the laws of our prophet were carried out. Many things were revealed to us, whereby we learned that a large family made life easier instead of harder. The Mormons, the country Mormons, weave their own cloth. Go into any Mormon farmer's house, and you will see the spinning wheel in the living room—and you will find the loom somewhere near. We raise our own food. We take small farms—a few acres—and cultivate them well. We do not speculate with the holy earth.

"We get our food from it, and are content. Our farmers do not live alone, out upon solitary farms. They own small plots of land and cultivate them, and they live together in villages. Each village has its hall for public meetings and its little centre of social life. Our Mormon boys do not leave the farm. Our Mormon girls do not run away to the cities. There is plenty for each member of the family to do, and in the evening there is social life for the young and the old.

"Each additional wife is an additional helper. Our Mormon women are helpmeets—they are not burdens. The more wives and children a Mormon has the more prosperous he and his become. We have started silk farms. On the silk farm all the little children and the old and feeble people can wind silk, and be a help instead of a hindrance. We hear about labor strikes and bread riots, and we sit here in our fertile valley and wonder what kind of a world those people live in, and why they do not see that a prophet who could so lead his people in temporal things is the prophet who leads them to the true faith.

"Plural marriage! It is a blessing. There were no homeless women when there were plural wives. There were no children sent out to beg, as I read of Gentile children doing. Each wife had her place in the world, an honored place. Her sister wives respected and nearly always loved her. Plural wives were bound together by common interests. They nursed each other in sickness, and they comforted each other in sorrow. They lived in separate houses almost always, but they were none the less of one family for all that. Looked at from the merely worldly point of view, plural marriage was a great blessing. From a religious point of view, there is no answering its arguments.

"Sentimental? We do not believe in encouraging foolish sentiments. I do not deny that we first wives made sacrifices when our husbands chose a new wife. I do not say that we did not have weak moments of regret"—a spasm of pain passed over the woman's worn face—"but," she said, her eyes lighting with a sudden brilliancy, "we were sanctified by our sufferings. The gold must be tried by fire. Our women grow selfish and vain since the divine institution of plural marriage has been frowned upon. They think of their own foolish vanity and their own selfish feelings, instead of thinking of the glory of a soul sanctified by suffering."

That is one story.

There is another.

A woman told me this, too; a woman in the prime of life; a rosy, bright-eyed, red-lipped woman, with a strong, self-reliant face, and a pair of deep set, wilful eyes.

"My dear," said this woman, "I am a fourth wife. I'm not going to talk to you about the religious part of our belief in plural marriage. You wouldn't understand. I'm going to talk plain English. I believe in it, because I think it's better for women. It's better for them in every way. When a woman's growing tired, and when her children are around her knees, tugging at her dress for attention, she has no time to bother with a husband. She needs all her time and strength for her children.

"You take a woman in the plainer ranks. Rich people can get along, in any condition, plural or single; but you take a farmer's wife or a carpenter's wife. [illegible] when her husband is around, she'[illegible] get three meals a day, three meals, three meals a day, year in and out, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Wi[illegible] sick or well, happy or blue. She's g[illegible] keep looking out for her husband.

"Now, it comes pretty good news to [illegible] woman to know that her husband is go[illegible] to take a new wife. She knows he'll [illegible] taken up with the new wife for a whi[illegible] and she can get a few minutes' breathi[illegible] spell. Then, when the first glamour of th[illegible] new wife is over, she and the new wif[illegible] will divide duties, and she'll go visiting an[illegible] the new wife will come over and look afte[illegible] the children, and then, by and by, sh[illegible] and the new wife learn about another, an[illegible] they breathe another sigh of relief, an[illegible] they help the newest wife and she help[illegible] them, and life isn't all drudging and ha[illegible] work.

"Then, a man's better to his wives th[illegible] he is to one wife. If one of them is stup[illegible] he comes to her when he wants re[illegible] When he's tired of rest, and wants amu[illegible] ment, he goes to the wife who can [illegible] and sing and dance. And he doe[illegible] "hetchel" either of them into misery b[illegible] ing her what she ought to be, and isn't.

"Men are many-sided creatures. Wom[illegible] are one-sided. That irritates a man, a[illegible] then he gets cross and disagreeable. Whe[illegible] he has wives enough to fit all his moo[illegible] he's happy, and so are the wives.

"I've heard people say plural marria[illegible] took the sentiment out of marriage, [illegible] does not.

"A man loves all his wives. He's not [illegible] love with just one of them.

"The other women? Oh, they don't u[illegible] it; or if they do they do as 'other wo[illegible] do in plural marriage and in single [illegible] riage. Men, my dear, are not ang[illegible] they're rather troublesome creatures, [illegible] they're bearable when they're man[illegible] right. Plural marriage is the right w[illegible] manage them."

That woman was not a first wif[illegible] was a last wife. It is said by her [illegible] that her husband is very much i[illegible] with her.

All these things are not overwhe[illegible] amazing. Human nature is huma[illegible] and laws do not mean law abid[illegible] any more than they do in Ne[illegible]

Men do not marry plural wive[illegible] The Mormons declare that they are [illegible] abiding people, but very few M[illegible] deny with any great show of severity [illegible] the men who were living in polygamy, [illegible] fore the anti-polygamy law, are living in [illegible] now, with due and discreet deference [illegible] the law.

It would be curious if a whole system [illegible] religious teaching could be overthrown [illegible] moment by a legal phrase. The s[illegible] thing, and to most people the [illegible] thing, about the situation in Utah is [illegible] the women of Utah are almost unb[illegible] in their condemnation of the law a[illegible] plural marriages.

They make their arguments for [illegible] marriage with a strange mixture of [illegible] glous fervor and a miserable cynicism [illegible] makes of marriage a simple [illegible] of matter-of-fact convenience. The w[illegible] who have been first wives talk of self[illegible] fice. The women who have been la[illegible] talk of self-advancement. The gi[illegible] have not yet married talk of t[illegible] sense" of polygamy.

But old or young, polygamous [illegible] the women of Utah seem to be u[illegible] out the one thing that makes [illegible] to the civilized women of the [illegible] the strange valley of the Latt[illegible] The belief, the pathetic, unre[illegible] belief in the one man for [illegible] and the heaven that comes [illegible] the better and the worse. [illegible] poorer, the sickness and [illegible] dull world.

WI[illegible]